TEN CENTS

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH 1897

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN'S INTRODUCTION TO WASHINGTON SOCIETY—"THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE PRESIDENCY"

# WHEN LINCOLN WAS FIRST INAUGURATED*

*By Stephen Fiske*

THE country was in a condition that the present generation cannot realize when Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, started from his little wooden cottage at Springfield, Illinois, to occupy the White House at Washington. Six of the Southern States had seceded from the Union, had organized a provisional Government at Montgomery, Alabama, and had elected Jefferson Davis President and Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President. Commissioners from South Carolina were demanding from the Government the surrender of Fort Sumter. A Peace Congress, composed of representatives of most of the States, and presided over by ex-President Tyler, was framing abortive compromises, and keeping several doubtful States, such as Virginia and Texas, from seceding immediately. The United States Mint and Custom House at New Orleans had been seized by the secessionists. Rhode Island had voted in the Peace Conference for the eternal preservation of negro slavery south of latitude 36° 30′, and for compensation for slaves that might be freed by violence. Business men in Philadelphia and New York were calculating whether they could better afford to lose their Southern or their Northern trade. The Democratic party was divided and distracted. The new Republican party was more anxious about its responsibilities than triumphant over its first success. The whole nation was in disorder and confusion.

LINCOLN, who concealed a very serious mind under the drolleries of a comic story-teller, was not without experience in National affairs. After serving for several terms in the Legislature of Illinois he had been elected to Congress; had won a reputation as a humorist; had been introduced by Senator Seward to many prominent people; had lectured in New York and Boston, and had been awakened by Senator Sumner to the injustice of slavery and the imminence of the irrepressible conflict between patriotism and property in man. It was with a sad heart and a disturbed mind that he left the home where he had been "Honest old Abe" since boyhood, to tour through Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania on his way to his inauguration; but he assumed a smiling face and a jovial manner, and his stock of stories never failed from Springfield to Harrisburg.

Most of the journey was exceedingly monotonous. At every station a party of local politicians came on the train. Several political leaders of National reputation and a few newspaper reporters came through in the special car. There was no privacy for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, except when they went into their sleeping compartment. Everybody walked in or out, and talked or listened as he pleased. There was no ceremony, and Mr. Lincoln did not seem to care to inspire any personal respect. He told stories to the delegations that boarded the car, and the delegates told stories to him. Occasionally, when the train stopped at a city or large town, he would go out on the back platform and begin a speech, which was soon interrupted by the engineer, who thought more of the time-table than of the utterances of the President-elect.

THERE was one characteristic story that Mr. Lincoln began to relate at several stations, but it was always cut off by the locomotive whistle, so I asked him to tell me the end of it.

"Well," he said, "these continual stoppages remind me of a drive I once took to attend a convention at which I was to be nominated for the Legislature. The horse I hired was said to be a good horse, but the further I drove the slower it went, and when I reached my destination I found that the convention had nominated my opponent and adjourned. All the way back I kept thinking what such a horse could be good for, and when I drove up to the stable I asked its owner the question. He sort of chuckled and said:

"'Why, good horse for a funeral, I reckon.'

"'No, my friend,' I replied, 'never hire that horse for a burying party!'

"'Why not?' says he.

"'Because,' says I, as serious as a Judge, 'if that horse pulls the hearse the Day of Judgment will get here before the corpse strikes the graveyard!'

"Now, you see, it's the same way with this train. If they keep on stopping at every station for me to make a speech, this funeral will never reach Washington!"

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL

"FIXING" MR. LINCOLN TO MEET "CITY FOLKS"

AS I FIRST saw them, Mr. Lincoln was a tall, lank, gawky, ugly, country lawyer, his ill-proportioned, lantern-jawed face relieved by a fine forehead, and by large, solemn, heavy-lidded eyes that did not smile with his wide mouth, and Mrs. Lincoln was a small, plump, motherly woman, who had done her own housework and was not ashamed to talk about it. Long years afterward I found that Mr. Lincoln had grown with the great events of the Civil War, and that he had attained the dignity and impressiveness of a demigod. But at first sight he justified the exclamations of Senator Douglas, who had been his friend from boyhood, though opposed to him in politics, and who used to mutter in his sleep, when somewhat overcome by the hospitalities on the train: "Oh, Lord! Abe Lincoln the President of the United States! Oh, Lord! Abe Lincoln a President! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

When we arrived at New York City, by the Hudson River Railroad—the station was then on Thirtieth Street—there was a consultation about what was to be said in reply to Mayor Fernando Wood, who already had a reputation as a Democratic orator.

"I haven't any speech ready," said Mr. Lincoln. "I shall have to say just what comes into my head at the time."

This shows that the breaking off of the back-platform speeches along the route had probably been prearranged. Mr. Lincoln had nothing to say to the American people until his inaugural address.

THE train stopped; through the windows immense crowds could be seen; the cheering drowned the blowing off steam of the locomotive. Then Mrs. Lincoln opened her hand bag and said:

"Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks."

Mr. Lincoln gently lifted her upon the seat before him; she parted, combed and brushed his hair and arranged his black necktie.

"Do I look nice now, mother?" he affectionately asked.

"Well, you'll do, Abraham," replied Mrs. Lincoln critically. So he kissed her and lifted her down from the seat, and turned to meet Mayor Wood, courtly and suave, and to have his hand shaken by the other New York officials.

The next day the journey was resumed at Jersey City, and

*The fifth of a series of articles on "Great Personal Events"—retold by eyewitnesses—which will appear in successive issues of the JOURNAL. These articles will portray a succession of the most conspicuous popular enthusiasms which America has witnessed during the past fifty years. The greatest potentates, statesmen, orators, preachers and songstresses will be the central figures of this notable series, which began in the JOURNAL of November, 1896.

Mr. Lincoln greeted me like a long-lost friend, and Mrs. Lincoln made room for me on the seat beside her. The apparent inadequacy of this simple couple for the dignities which they were approaching was rather painful to observe; but the observer was mistaken: the inadequacy was only apparent. There was the customary interrupted speech at the New Jersey stations, and at New Brunswick, where I shook hands with my boyhood and college friends, Mr. Lincoln turned to me and playfully asked:

"Is this your reception or mine?"

When the matter was explained and Rutgers College pointed out to him he remarked:

"Ah! That is what I have always regretted—the want of a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

### APPREHENSION FOR THE PRESIDENT-ELECT'S SAFETY

PHILADELPHIA gave Mr. Lincoln a fine reception. It was on Washington's Birthday and the crowd made holiday. But there had been a secret meeting of the Government officials and the Republican leaders, and the Presidential party went on to Harrisburg, ostensibly to visit Governor Curtin. At Harrisburg another special correspondent and myself occupied a large, double-bedded room. We were very comfortable physically, but uneasy mentally. A correspondent has an instinct for news; we felt that there was something going on that we ought to know but did not. About midnight we started to go to the telegraph office and ask if anything important had happened anywhere.

The door of our room was locked!

Each suspected the other of playing some trick, and after ringing the bell violently, pounding and kicking the door, I went to a window and began to discuss the possibility of climbing down from the third story. Just as we were planning how to do this the locked door opened, a short, thick-set man entered, relocked the door and said:

"Very sorry, gentlemen, but you must not leave this room to-night."

"Put away that revolver! Why mustn't we leave the room? What's up? Talk quickly!"

The man had formerly been in the employ of the Adams Express Company and was now a Secret Service agent of the Government. His orders were to prevent any report from being telegraphed from Harrisburg, and he insisted upon our paroles before he would talk to us. At length he became amenable to reason and supper, and agreed to tell us what had happened, but only upon condition, however, that we would not telegraph it without his permission.

### LINCOLN'S SECRET JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON

THEN came the wonderful story. Mr. Lincoln had gone to Washington by way of Philadelphia on a special train, because General Scott feared that he would be assassinated; Mrs. Lincoln had accompanied him, and the rest of the party had been detained at Harrisburg. There was no disguise of "a Scotch cap and long military cloak" in the original story; one of the correspondents interpolated that. But to have such news and not be able to send it to our papers in New York was, indeed, almost maddening. The sentinel looked at his watch and said gravely:

"By this time Mr. Lincoln is in Washington or in Heaven! Now, gentlemen, I give you back your paroles!"

In a very few minutes we were at the telegraph office, and the next morning the whole country knew that the President-elect had reached the nation's Capital in safety.

That there was any good reason for this midnight journey has been often disputed, but no one who knew the circumstances ever doubted its wisdom.

We took the first train that followed the Lincoln special, and the journey was most exciting. Every jolt suggested a bomb, every blast of the locomotive whistle an attack. From every station we sent dispatches to New York. But for the time the plotters of assassination were paralyzed, and we found Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel, Washington, surrounded by a volunteer guard of stern-faced Republicans who had come from all parts of the country.

### "THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE PRESIDENCY"

THERE, on the following Monday, the introduction of the President-elect to Washington society took place. The hotel parlors were crowded with elegantly-dressed ladies, and with gentlemen who had long held positions in the official aristocracy, most of them secretly sympathizing with secession and all curious to see "the rail-splitter," who had split the Southern States from the Union, "the Western baboon," as they politely designated him. Presently, from a side door that suggested a scene on the stage, emerged the face of Mr. Lincoln, smiling nervously; then his tall, thin, awkward body; then a long arm, and finally, at the end of this arm, a dumpy little woman. He was dressed in a new suit of shiny black that had been presented to him as an advertisement by an enterprising tailor. She was wrapped in a white shawl. Mr. Lincoln looked at the fashionable assembly and said, in his clear, distinct voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to present to you the long and short of the Presidency!"

As he said "the long," he bowed; as he said "the short," he looked down at Mrs. Lincoln and smiled. A shudder ran through the parlors. The ladies stared at the strange couple; the gentlemen bent their heads. That man the President of the United States! That woman the first lady of the land! All the etiquette of the Republican court that had been established since the days of President Washington was violated. Even we Northerners, who stood sturdily and unfalteringly by the new President, could not help recalling the words of Senator Douglas.

Threats of assassination were in the air and Mr. Lincoln was carefully guarded. The Capital was filling up with Cromwellians from New England and the West—resolute, fighting men who were to take part in the inaugural procession that the secessionists were expected to attack. On the morning of March 4 I called at Willard's Hotel and found that Mr. Lincoln had risen at sunrise and was revising his inaugural address, because Tom Corwin had used some of its phrases in a speech delivered the day before. His Cabinet had been announced in the morning papers—Seward, Chase, Simon Cameron, Montgomery Blair, the giants of those days.

### THE FEAR OF ASSASSINATION IN EVERY MIND

AS I WALKED up to the Capitol the wide, dusty streets were already crowded. Regular troops were posted at intervals along Pennsylvania Avenue. Sharpshooters were climbing over the roofs of the houses. A mounted officer at every corner was ready to report to General Scott the passage of the procession. Detectives in plain clothes squirmed through the masses of people. The policemen had been instructed to arrest for "disorderly conduct" any person who called Mr. Lincoln an opprobrious name or uttered a disloyal sentiment. There was much suppressed excitement, and the prophetic word "assassination" was in every mind.

President Buchanan, whose term expired at noon, was engaged until half an hour later in signing the bills that had been hurriedly passed, but the Congressional clock had been put back to legalize the transaction. At last he drove down to Willard's and the procession was formed. The President and President-elect rode in an open barouche; but this confidence in the people was more apparent than real. On the front seat were Senators Baker and Pearce; a guard of honor of the regular cavalry surrounded the carriage; beyond were mounted marshals four files deep. From the sidewalks no one could accurately distinguish Mr. Lincoln. Close behind marched regiments of regulars and marines, fully armed. It seemed more like escorting a prisoner to his doom than a President to his inauguration.

Straggling behind the military were veterans of the Revolutionary War, of the War of 1812, and of the Mexican War, members of the Peace Congress, delegations from the loyal States. There were only about seven hundred of these delegates in line, and of these three hundred came from New York to honor Secretary Seward. Then came a division of colored volunteers, which was greeted with whispered curses. Never before had colored men been seen in a military procession, except as carriers of water or of targets. There was a tableau car, drawn by white horses and escorted by a company of Republican Wide-awakes, and I noticed that the pretty girls who represented the North and the South were quarreling typically.

### LITTLE CHEERING FOR THE PALE, ANXIOUS PRESIDENT-ELECT

LITTLE cheering and no enthusiasm greeted the procession. Every now and then an arrest for "disorderly conduct" was quickly and quietly made in the crowd. The sunshine was bright, but the whole affair was as gloomy as if Mr. Lincoln were riding through an enemy's country—as, indeed, he was. A trifling incident proved this. A rumor ran from lip to lip that the Presidential carriage had broken down, and only the prompt action of the troops in pushing back the spectators prevented cheers of triumph over this evil omen.

As they left the barouche at the steps of the Capitol, Buchanan looked very grave, Lincoln pale and anxious, and both were covered with dust. I entered the Senate chamber with Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, who had walked up from Willard's, and had noted the hostility of the spectators. The Senate chamber was overcrowded; many ladies had been in the galleries since midnight. Vice-President Breckinridge took charge of Mr. Hamlin, and the new Vice-President assumed his office with no more formality than the swearing of an ordinary juror.

Meanwhile the President and the President-elect had been refreshed; and Marshal French formed the procession from the Senate chamber to the portico of the Capitol. The platform was filled with officials and diplomats, and about thirty thousand persons had assembled to listen to the inaugural address. They were very quiet; not obtrusively hostile, but obviously unfriendly. The shadow of civil war obscured the sunshine and hung like a pall over the proceedings. Senator Baker, of Oregon, formally introduced Mr. Lincoln, who seemed more tall, more gaunt, more ugly and more awkward than ever as he fumbled in his pocket for his manuscript and put on large, steel-rimmed spectacles. The crowd jeered at him *sotto voce*, and some said, "Look at old goggles!" A few more arrests for "disorderly conduct" were promptly made by the officers, and a dead silence ensued.

### THE CROWD UNMOVED BY THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MR. LINCOLN read his address slowly, distinctly, but without any oratorical emphasis or gestures. As soon as it became clear that he would maintain the Union even by force of arms, the audience was indifferent. There were no cheers and no cries of dissent. When he had ended with those noble words: "We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies; though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection; the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature"—there was no response. Then Lincoln bowed his head as if in silent prayer, sighed wearily as if he knew that he had failed to touch the Southern heart, and turned to Chief Justice Taney to take the oath of office. The Chief Justice trembled with age or with anxiety. Lincoln was the eighth President to whom he had administered the oath, and the Chief Justice, it was quite apparent, feared that he would be the last.

Reëntering the barouche, with Mr. Buchanan as his guest, President Lincoln was escorted to the White House, the procession now moving much more quickly than before. He had recovered his spirits, and urged Mr. Buchanan to "Come in and take something to wash the dust from your throat," but Mr. Buchanan declined with stately courtesy and at once withdrew to the residence of District Attorney Ould. During the White House dinner President Lincoln was called from the table to deliver a brief speech to the New York delegation, and at its conclusion he said, with his usual humor: "I guess that Seward ought to have made that speech."

At the Inauguration Ball, which was given at the City Hall that evening, only about two thousand persons were present. Mr. Buchanan did not attend. Washington society had resolved to ignore the new President. It was a sombre festivity, for already the lines between the North and the South were sharply defined. The majority of the guests were not in evening dress. The Republican ladies did not care to dance. To those who had known Washington in the old days the ball seemed very much like a funeral.

### THE PRESIDENT IN JOVIAL SPIRITS AT THE INAUGURATION BALL

WHEN the Presidential party entered the ballroom Senator Douglas, faithful among the faithless, gallantly gave his arm to Mrs. Lincoln. A few hours and a good dressmaker had transformed that simple little woman into quite a belle. She was tastefully attired in a very becoming blue gown, and she carried a large fan and an immense bouquet. She beckoned to me with the fan, and gave me the bouquet and the surprising information: "We had flowers all over the table for dinner!"

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not dance, so an impromptu reception was substituted for the court quadrille, and almost every person was presented to Mr. Lincoln and shook hands with him. He was in jovial spirits, as full of fun as a boy. When he noticed me he made a wry face, pushed up his sleeves and said, "This hand-shaking is harder work than rail-splitting."

After the supper, when the ball had become more like a dance, I handed Mrs. Lincoln her bouquet, and ventured to congratulate the President upon his improved health. He responded so cordially that I was emboldened to ask whether he had any special news that I might send to Mr. Bennett, the editor of the "New York Herald."

"Yes," he replied, looking at me significantly, "you may tell him that Thurlow Weed has found out that Seward was not nominated at Chicago!"

This was very old news, another "Lincoln joke," and I smiled and took my leave. But on my way to the telegraph office the joke assumed most serious proportions. It meant, on the authority of the President himself, that Weed's secret intrigues to become the power behind the Cabinet had been exposed and defeated; that Chase was to remain Secretary of the Treasury and master of the situation; that the sceptre of political power had passed forever from New York and the South to the great West, and that Lincoln was to be President in fact as well as in name. So tremendous was the importance of this "joke" that it crowded out for a day the description that I had previously telegraphed of the costumes at the curious ball which ended the first inauguration of President Lincoln.

---

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sixth article of the "Great Personal Events" series—

"When Lafayette Rode Into Philadelphia"

Will be published in the next (April) JOURNAL. It will be a graphic description of the great public demonstrations, entertainments, receptions, etc., in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette, in Philadelphia, upon the occasion of his visit to the United States as the nation's guest. Alice Barber Stephens will strikingly illustrate the article. Preceding articles of the "Great Personal Events" series, which have appeared in the JOURNAL: "When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden," November; "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," December, 1896; "When the Prince of Wales was in America," January; "When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," February, 1897.

## A FAIR WOMAN'S FACE

*By Helen Earle*

JIMMY DAWSON had finished his day's work—that is, he had spent the morning mending a net which he hoped to rent in the afternoon, and he had spent the afternoon waiting for some one who had spoken of wanting his tackle, as well as one of his dories. The day could not be called a prosperous one. But what is prosperity? Jimmy had his cottage, his dories, a few precious books—the remnants of his college library, and of his brief life in the world—the memory of his sainted mother, his gentle, religious life, and his scorn of women in general.

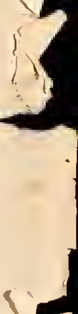
He walked from his boat-house to his cottage, and entered his small kitchen. Everything was in exquisite order. A small looking-glass on one side of the room reflected his long gray beard and gray hair, and his gentle, refined face. He had taken down a volume of Horace when the door to his front room, or shop, opened, and he hastened forward to see who the customer might be. The small stock of stationery which he carried for the village folk brought him an occasional visitor from the hotel near by. He stepped back hastily. No, it cannot be, yet so like, so like! Twenty odd summers ago a woman's word had crushed the ambitions of his youth, and had sent him, a lonely recluse, to pass his life on the rocks and under the pines where he first saw his love.

"I hear that you keep pens and pencils," a gentle voice was saying.

Jimmy roused himself and replied. His voice had a singular, minor sweetness. The pens proved desirable. What a face she had! A tumult of memories crowded upon him. Hoping to detain his visitor longer he gave a few Florida beans, which he had received as cash from a village bargainer, to the boy who had followed her. He must look at her and hear her voice; he would tell her about himself; she would understand. He showed a rare old chair belonging to a set of four, in one of which George Washington had sat; he took out a letter written by his great-grandfather. His visitor seemed interested, spoke about his cozy cottage and the beauty of the region.

A great thought had been taking shape in Jimmy's mind; it came out timidly: "I was about to have my tea when you came in. Will you not stay, you and your son, and sup with me?"

She accepted in a gracious way. Overcome with joy Jimmy drew out a spindle-legged table, and arranged on it the blue and white china that had not been used since "dear mother" died. He was sorry that his beans were cold and his brown bread hard, but he could make good tea. He kept glancing shyly toward his guest, who had taken up a favorite volume of Whittier, and to her son was reading softly "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," who met his death on the rocks along the lighthouse ledge. Jimmy listened. Would the story which he was about to tell, prove his last word, perhaps his swan song? How sweet it all was! He trembled.

The three sat down together, and Jimmy said a simple grace. Conscious of a lack, he went to a chest of drawers and took from it an apron, white, figured with delicate blue. "It was dear mother's, but you may use it to protect your dress. I am sorry that I have no napkin."

His soul was full of a strange content. After the simple meal, and a dreamy, reminiscent talk in the twilight, Jimmy watched his visitors depart. The waves, cherished companions of many years, crooned their rhythmical song; the pine trees, too, murmured the old story. In the gathering darkness Jimmy was again alone, but he no longer hated all women.